

REVIEW.

Spanish Papers and other Miscellaneous hitherto unpublished or uncollected. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Arranged and edited by PIERRE M. PUTNAM. 2 vols. 12mo. New York. G. P. Putnam and Hurd and Houghton, 1866.

(From the New York Tribune.)

THESE beautifully printed volumes contain all of the hitherto unpublished productions of Washington Irving's prolific pen, together with certain papers—biographical sketches, reviews of books, and other miscellanies which have been culled from English and American reviews and magazines. We are glad on many accounts that these articles have been collected and put to such a form that they can be easily referred to in connection with the Life and Letters of Irving, for several of them are of importance in illustrating Irving's character or satisfying us on points where his conduct has been sharply but unjustly criticised.

The first volume contains the "Spanish papers," consisting of legendary tales principally relating to the Moorish rule in Spain, and the contest between the Moors and the Christians, which resulted in the complete overthrow of the nobler and more accomplished of the two races. Mr. Irving is found again and again in these tales, his learning and research, less than by his enthusiasm and poetic feeling, he has made his own. We are ever of reading what he writes about Spain, as never tired of writing, and Mr. Irving, who unwittingly caused his distinguished cle to lay aside these charming sketches, has done the amplest amends for his misanthropy in giving them to us in this luxurious type and per. We are glad also that this farewell volume of the works of that writer whose fame has done so much to popularise and revive, as George P. Putnam has again entered the field as a publisher. On what he has done to Irving's works into a beautiful typographical shape, and to scatter them broadcast over the country, Mr. Putnam might well be content to rest his claims to be counted one of our foremost publishers; but we have to thank him for his books besides, which have had a wide influence on our American culture. Our best goes for him are that he may find another, and, surely, good wishes for the next that the gods may bless us with, can be no more cordial shape than that he may find another Putnam to water his laurels.

Washington Irving died at "Sunnyside" on the night of November 28, 1859, at the age of sixty-six. In the Spring of the previous year he had finished the fifth and last volume of his "Life of Washington," which closed the long of his valuable contributions to the literature of the English tongue. It was in Italy, 5, while he was living in Paris, that Col. de la Penne, the Edinburgh publisher, wrote to Irving, using the life of Washington as a subject for a book; and although he did not at once about the proposed task, yet it is probable the happy suggestion took root in his mind, was never wholly forgotten. At that time, ever, he was not in a mood favourable to undertaking any literary work, nor would it have been possible for him to write a life of Irving while living in Europe. And though he had now been away from home years, he was so far from any thought of a speedy return that we find him in the very next year, 1826, leaving Paris for good, where he was soon deep in researches in the "Life of Columbus." This was his first to Spain, a land of whose climate, scenery, language, and people he became so conversant that it stood hardly second in his heart to his own country, of which, however, no man ever more devoted son. America was to him a mother and father; Spain was his mistress, before he set foot on her shores his heart was to have gone out to her, and the strong in which he was to be bound to her was only kindled by a previous study of her history and literature in her own language. In he wrote to his young nephew Pierre Paris: "The Spanish language is full of power, magnificence, and melody; its taste, it excels the Italian in variety and richness. It has twice the quantity of words the French has. I do not know anything more than the old Spanish word. You will find in it splendour and beauty, and then its poetry is full of imagination, pathos, humour, beauty, sublimity, and pathos. The old literature of Spain partakes of the character of its history and its people; there is oriental splendour about it. The mixture of the fervour, magnificence, and romance, old Castilian pride and punctilio; the rous herosim; the immaculate virtue; the sated notions of honour and courtesy, all at finely with the sensual amours, the indulgences, the unprincipled and crafty ways which so often form the groundwork of its story."

It is perhaps not too far-fetched a coincidence that fifteen years later, when he made serious effort to begin the "Life of Irving," Spain should again turn the corner of her eyes upon him and woo him to her task. In 1841 he applied himself to the study of the enthusiasm with which he began a new literary undertaking, but he was obliged to lay it aside in order to enter the duties of his position as Minister to the office conferred upon him by President Tyler at the suggestion of Daniel Webster. Years of diplomatic life followed this unexpected, but by no means unexpected, appointment, in which Irving himself and his country by courtesy and dignity with which he performed the duties of his position. The United States probably never had a more efficient or, ably as we have been served in that by several of our most shining names. As he was, and assiduous, there was nothing more than this, something that his appointment to Spain a peculiar felicity. His heart was warmed to the country that more than a duty to serve her; it was pure love. And his official relations were as full to those with whom he was brought into contact as they were to himself.

Webster—then Secretary of State—so say that he laid aside the letters of Irving, and his letters and his overflow with proof of the affection as respect with which he was revered persons in the highest stations in the country. Not that we would be understood as that these letters and journals can be read with egotism. Nothing could be further from the truth. But a man so frank and frank as Irving was could not be surrounded for three years by a crowd of friends and friends of Spanish society who regarded him with affection almost enthusiastic, without being affected by it. His thoughts flew, bird-like, back and forth from Spain, and, Spring after Spring, built many a nest in the old Castilian trees.

Hardly had he become fairly settled at Sunnyside, after his return from Europe in 1846, when he set himself to work to prepare for the Press the series of Spanish Legends which are collected and published for the first

time, the Throne responded in words warmer and more cordial than ever before greeted the ears of an ambassador to that punctilious Court.

Irving's nature, indeed, was peculiarly fitted to make him enjoy his life in Spain, for his character united many of the qualities that go to make the Spanish character. He was warm-hearted, frank, and genial; with a childlike simplicity and flowing sympathy that made him at home with all classes. He was as much at his ease while talking with Queens and Princesses as when he was chatting with the dark-eyed Dolores in the Alhambra, or on his first visit to France sitting among the peasant girls of Tonnein, needle in hand, at the quilting frame, or moved with pity for the poor *filles de joie* in Paris streets, and giving her double money for her bouquet. He had a quick eye for the beauty of women and drew them strongly to him by a certain warmth and gallantry of manner which was as pure and wholesome as the sunshine itself.

When a boy of twelve, on an expedition to Ogdensburg with some friends, he took captive the heart of an Indian squaw, who found it impossible to conceal her admiration for the handsome white-face and made her drunken husband so furiously jealous that after knocking Irving down by an unexpected blow he was with difficulty restrained from stabbing him. At another time he sees an Italian lady with whose beauty he is so bewitched that he follows her and picks up her handkerchief, which he pockets with a most excusable dishonesty and keeps until it is replaced by a lock of her hair, which she sends to him, with a request that he will call on her when he returns to Genoa. He never saw her again, but had the hair enclosed in a locket which he wore for a long time round his neck. In a letter to one of his sisters, dated Barcelona, 1844, there is a charming passage—but his letters abound in charming passages, and how delightful it must have been to receive them fresh from his hand and heart, if it is so pleasant to read them in print—a passage descriptively of a Spanish beauty, which we should greatly enjoy transcribing in full, if it were not longer than our space will allow. We give a few sentences. The paragraph begins, "While I am writing at a table in the cabin, I am sensible of the power of a pair of splendid Spanish eyes, which are occasionally flashing upon me, and which almost seem to throw a light upon the paper. Since I cannot break the spell I will describe the owner of them."

"I was interrupted in my letter-writing by an observation of the lady whom I was describing. She had caught my eye occasionally, as I glanced from my letter toward her. 'Really, Señor,' said she, at length, with a smile, 'one would think you were a painter, taking my likeness.' I could not resist the impulse. 'Indeed,' said I, 'I am taking it; I am writing to a friend the other side of the world, describing things that are passing before me, and I could not help noting down one of the best specimens of the country that I had met with.' A little bantering took place between the young lady, her husband and myself, which ended in my reading off, as well as I could in Spanish, the description I had just written down. It occasioned a word of commendation, and was taken in an excellent part. The lady, for once, was content with the rose. She laughed, shook her head, and said I was a very fanciful portrait painter; and her husband declared that if I would stop at St. Filian, all the ladies in the place would crowd to me to have their portraits taken—my pictures were so flattering. I have just parted with them. The steamship stopped in the open sea, just in front of the little bay of St. Filian; boats came off from shore for the party. I helped the beautiful original of the portrait into the boat, and promised her and her husband if ever I should come to St. Filian, I would pay them a visit. The last I noticed of her was a Spanish farewell wave of her beautiful white hand, and the gleam of her dazzling teeth as she smiled adieu. So there is a very tolerable touch of romance for a gentleman of my years. (Irving was at this time in his 61st year.) During his residence in the Alhambra, in 1829, he repeatedly mentions the 'servant Tia' and the little dark-eyed Dolores as taking the same interest in him that they would in a father, and treating him with the most devoted care and kindness. And again, at another time and place, though we cannot find the passage, he relates with a mixture of humour and feeling, the consternation that he threw his servants into, by telling them that he must change his quarters, and the joy with which they welcomed his return, embracing him and caressing him as if he had been a brother or a father.

It is impossible to read the numerous anecdotes and passages in his biography illustrative of his sensitiveness to the beauty of women and his delight in their society without feeling the depth of a nature that could remain constant through a long and varied life to the memory of a boyish love. But his nature was of a noble chivalry. His thoughts were habitually high; he was incapable of meanness; his instincts were always generous; and no change of circumstance could ever affect his treatment of those whose worth he had once proved. Even when Minister to Spain he went to pay a visit of condolence and sympathy to the Duchess of Victoria, the wife of the Regent Espartero, who had just been driven from power by the successful revolution of Narvaes. This visit Irving tells us provoked the sneer of a courtier, but he never adjusted his conduct to the standard of courtiers. He rather answered Sidney's description: "So valiant that he never dured to do any one an injury; his word ever led by his thought and followed by his deed." So great was his gentleness, his good will, so wide spread his charity, his dislike to offend so inhuman, that we a little forget the strength and intensity of his character. He had martial ardours in him, and if he had been a soldier would have recalled Bayard's name rather than Sidney's. When Madrid was besieged by the insurgents under Narvaes, Irving could not stay in doors, but went out, despite all remonstrances, to see everything that he could of what was going on. Indeed, he had a restless spirit, and it led him into wanderings over a goodly portion of earth; nor did he satisfy his love of experience and adventure until age and declining health made excitement hurtful to him. Warm-hearted, generous, chivalrous, brave, fond of adventure, he found in Spain a second native country, where he passed seven years of almost unalloyed happiness, serving his own people and laying up a store of material with which to delight the world; and when he finally left it, to return home, he could not bring himself to take a last farewell, but still hoped to return again; and, though he never accomplished that desire, his thoughts flew, bird-like, back and forth from Spain, and, Spring after Spring, built many a nest in the old Castilian trees.

Hardly had he become fairly settled at Sunnyside, after his return from Europe in 1846, when he set himself to work to prepare for the Press the series of Spanish Legends which are collected and published for the first

time in the volume now put forth under the superintendence of his nephew, Mr. P. M. Irving, the same gentleman to whom we were previously indebted for that most delightful book, "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving." In a letter written April 14, 1847, Irving wrote to his nephew: "I am, by a little agreeable exertion, turning to account a mass of matter that has been lying in my trunk for years. When I was in Madrid, in 1829-30, I finished 'Columbus.' I commenced a series of chronicles illustrative of the war between the Spaniards and the Moors, to be given as the production of a monk, Fray Antonio Agapida. 'The Conquest of Granada' was the only one I finished, though I roughly sketched out parts of some others. Your uncle Peter was always anxious for me to carry out my plan; but somehow or other I let it grow cool. 'The Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada' was not so immediately successful as I had anticipated, though it has held its way better than many others of my works which were more taking at first. I am apt to get out of conceit of anything I do; and I suffered the manuscript of these chronicles to lie in my trunk like waste paper. About four or five weeks since, I was tired one day of muddling over my printed works (I had begun to publish a revised edition of them for the press), and yet wanted occupation. I don't know how the idea of one of these chronicles came into my head. It was the 'Chronicle of Count Fernan Gonzalez,' one of the early Counts of Castile. I made about 60 or 70 pages of my writing. I took it up, was amused with it, and found I had just the right word, I have now complete, though not thoroughly printed off, the Chronicle of Pelayo, the Chronicle of Count Fernan Gonzalez, the Chronicle of the Dynasty of the Omeyyades in Spain, giving the succession of those brilliant sovereigns, from the time that the Moors came to Spain, and the last of them; also the Chronicle of Fernando the Saint, with the reconquest of Seville. I feel confident that I can make the work a taking one—bring a picture of Spain at various periods of the Moorish domination, and giving illustrations of the places of noted events from what I have myself seen in my rambles about Spain."

Mr. Irving, however, never put his pen to a final revision of these sketches, but laid them aside for the "Life of Washington," which had so often yielded place to Spain and her history that it seemed but reasonable it should now assert its claims and urge him to a completion. From this time, therefore, till, as we began by saying, within a year of his death, the "Life of Washington" occupied his pen with but slight interruption, although he was busied during much of the earlier portion of this period with the revision of his works, preparing them for the republication which was proposed and carried to a successful termination by Mr. George P. Putnam. His powers of work, though he was now past 60, seemed but little impaired, and his industry, when once fairly started in a literary undertaking, is really wonderful. He wrote his delightful "Life of Columbus" beyond all question the best biography of the poet that exists, within sixty days, and he has scarcely written anything that is more worthy of his reputation. Yet he was almost afraid to look at it after it was published, and feared that it might give evidence of flagging power. "Are you sure it does not smell of apoplexy?" he asked. The abridgment of his "Columbus" was begun and finished in nineteen days—four hundred printed pages—and yet it was so well done that it had a success hardly inferior to that of the original work. Yet Irving had much to contend with in the natural indolence of his disposition, and the tendency to look with an unfavourable eye on his own performances, which often filled him with vague apprehensions of failure unlifting him for labour, and which he required serene and happy moods, and he had to overcome a great deal of the latter before he could be successful. The second of these volumes contains his earliest attempts at writing, his letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, written in 1802, at the age of nineteen, while he was studying law in the office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. There must have been many who read the playful letters at the time of publication acute enough to recognise the genius of the author, for Irving hardly ever excelled certain portions of them. But whether these who know to read between the lines saw hints of Irving's future in these letters or not, they were read by the public with avidity, and so were the publications that immediately followed: "Salamanca agundi," published in 1807, whose humour seems to have a perennial favour, enjoyed by every generation, so far removed from the time and person of its author it is concerned; Knickerbocker's History of New York, published in 1809, which gave almost as much delight to English as American readers, and paved the way for the unprecedented, but easily understood, success of the "Sketch Book," which, after all, is probably the book by which Irving will be best known to posterity. The "Biographical Sketches" which follow the "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle" in these volumes, were written for the "Analectic Magazine," a monthly periodical published in Philadelphia by the late Moses Thomas of that city, and edited by Irving during the years 1813, 1814. The Review was originally styled the "Select Review," the name was changed to Analectic when Mr. Irving became editor of it. The contributions consisted of a review of Odes, Nautical Songs and other Occasional Poems by Edwin C. Hamilton of Charleston; a notice of Paulding's Lay of the Scottish Fiddle; of Lord Byron; Traits of Indian Character, and Philip of Pokanoket, afterwards incorporated in the Sketch Book; and Biographies of Captain James Lawrence, Lieutenant William Burrows, Commodore Oliver Perry and Captain David Porter. Of these contributions, the Review of Paine's Works, and a notice of Thomas Campbell published in the March number of 1815, with the Naval Biographies, are the only ones republished in these volumes. His biographer says: "The conduct of this magazine, which he had hoped to find a mere pastime, proved to be an irksome labour. He had a great repugnance to periodical labour of every description, and to one branch of it, criticism, his aversion could not bear to be overcome. He shrunk from the idea of inflicting pain. The naval biographies afforded a more agreeable occupation. It was a proud satisfaction to record the triumphs, to quote the strong language of a letter to his brother William, 'of that choice band of gallant spirits who had borne up the drowning honour of their country by the loss.' These sketches are spirited and earnest, and can hardly fail to stir a chord of patriotic feeling in the breast of the reader of to-day. The remainder of the second volume of these miscellanies is filled with material of less interest, but we think it well to preserve the articles; they add something to our knowledge of Irving's methods of work, if they furnish but little additional help in understanding the character of his mind."

That mental character was a purer reflex of the moral and spiritual nature of the man than we often meet with. And never has a style, however pure and lucid, been the window through which we have looked into a more sincere and childlike nature than that of Irving.

It was childlike, but it was, at the same time, deep and strong, and its depths have hardly been sufficiently estimated. It has been with his character as it has been with his books; it was so simple in its elements, and its manifestations were so delicate, so absolutely free from all pretension or affectation, that it was long in making its right impression on the world. Irving's character is now, thanks to his nephew's excellent memoirs and "Life," better known to the mass of his countrymen than it was during his life. In his native city, and among his more immediate neighbours, it is true, he was always highly valued, but we did not know till lately what force there was in him, what a deep glow of patriotism, what courage of his opinions, what allegiance to duty born of the most sensitive honour. Such elements were in the man in full proportion to his tenderness, his gentleness, his fear to wound, his pity for the suffering. And it is the strong beauty of this character shining through his pellucid style like a flame through an alabaster lamp, that draws the eyes of the world so steadily, glad to be soothed and cheered and strengthened by its perennial ray. Young writers wonder what there is in Irving that makes his name so honoured; they question the judgment of the public, which has been given in no doubtful voice. They hint that the time has come for a candid, a severe examination of his works, and express a modest assurance that the result of such an examination must inevitably be fatal to his claim. But these writers forget that Irving never made any claim. They forget that the public crowned him of its own free will, that England crowned him first, and that at a time when her own literature sparkled with names too splendid to give colour to the suggestion that Irving shone so brightly because he shone alone. Irving's name will hold its place in our literature with an unchanged lustre so long as that literature shall endure. And the rising generation of writers cannot do more wisely than to make his character and career a study, nor can they find a purer model on which to form their style. He and Hawthorne are our wells of English undefiled.

THE SIMLA COURT-MARTIAL.

(From the United Service Gazette, October 27.)
THE military public, both in India and England, are waiting with intense curiosity and interest, for the decision of the supreme authorities on this too celebrated case. As far as opinion is concerned, Sir William Mansfield is condemned by the whole of the Press, even the *Times*, his only journalistic friend, having at last given up the case in its article of yesterday. Two or three days previously a pilot balloon was sent up in the same columns, in the shape of a letter conspicuously printed, the tenor of which was that whilst the Commander-in-Chief had fallen into a "mistake," the Captain had committed a series of crimes, and that therefore for the home authorities to act on the merciful recommendation of the Simla Court-martial would be to encourage mutiny and disobedience in the army, the fruits of which it would take years to eradicate. The article of yesterday, following such a letter, is a pretty plain indication that the case is finally given up.

The writer in the *Times*, whoever he may be, calculates hopefully and sanguinely on the stupidity or gullibility of his readers, when he presents the case to them in the form in which it is stated by him in his letter. It is first presumed that Sir William Mansfield, having made the charges of dishonesty against Captain Jervis, was bound to bring him to court-martial, that is to say, that having, in some uncontrollable heat of temper, which was most becoming in a great officer of the Crown, published a disgraceful and derogatory accusation against an officer and a gentleman, he was bound to push it through "to the bitter end," without the slightest consideration for the feelings of an injured man, his own personal character, or the honour and credit of her Majesty's service. His Excellency did, indeed, pursue his vengeance to the bitter end, and bitter, we believe, that end will be for himself, rather than his victim. He made one false step in making the first accusation, and he made a fearful plunge into tyranny and injustice in instituting the Court-martial; but even then, when he had done enough to ruin any other man, a lucky chance was thrown in his way, by the recommendation of the Court-martial, which, if he had acceded to, would have settled the whole business, and Sir William might have remained in his command, to learn a lesson of decorum and self-restraint for the benefit of future aides-de-camp. But "whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad," and Sir William, not only by rejecting the kindly recommendation, but by the reasons which he gives for so doing, has left his friends, many and powerful as they are without the slightest excuse for saving him. We have often had to speak harshly of the proceedings of courts-martial, and to mark with sorrow their frequent denials of justice, but in the case of the Simla Court we have a glorious exception. For three months it gave the most patient and searching investigation to the whole of Sir William Mansfield's accusations; it convicted Captain Jervis, where it thought him guilty, acquitted him where it believed him innocent, and fearlessly pronounced his moral exculpation by recommending him to the mercy of the Commander-in-Chief. It is to such a Court that Sir William Mansfield addressed his imperious and insulting reply, broadly accusing it of having decided against the evidence, sending back its sentence for revision, and when revision is firmly refused, finally snubs the Court by contemptuously refusing to act on its recommendation. This is the last aspect of the case, and upon it the *Times* of yesterday finally pronounces its judgment and throws the Commander-in-Chief overboard. What the authorities mean to do remains yet to be seen, but we feel that we make no mistake in repeating our prediction that Captain Jervis will be reinstated in the army. Whether in addition the strong measure of recalling the Commander-in-Chief will be taken as a matter of only secondary importance, as no man in Sir William's position could consent to retain for a moment an office for which his superiors had pronounced him unfit, by reversing one of his most public and important decisions.

The one doing justice now lies between his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief and Lord Cranborne, the Minister for India. We have no fear for the decision of his Royal Highness, who will judge clearly and decide justly in a matter so vital to the discipline of the Army. His Royal Highness will not be frightened by the consequences threatened by the correspondent of the *Times*, but will see that mutiny and insubordination are best prevented by protecting the weak against the strong, rather than by permitting the latter to crush, right or wrong, whoever may have been so unfortunate as to incur their displeasure. The strength of a Government is based beyond all things on the reliance of the governed on its justice, and that reliance once destroyed, governing becomes merely an affair of physical strength and pressure, to be thrown off at the

first favourable opportunity. His Royal Highness had no hesitation in reversing the decision of the Mhow Court-martial, and it was no fault of his that justice was ultimately partially restored in that case. We do not therefore fear that his hand will falter because the wrong-doer in this case is a local Commander-in-Chief; on the contrary, we honestly believe that if Sir William Mansfield were his Royal Highness's own son or brother, the consciousness of that fact would only render him the more stern and inexorable in the discharge of his public duty. But with Lord Cranborne the case is different. His lordship is not, as a Prince of the Blood, placed so high above all other classes in the country as to look at the grievances of all with equal and impartial eye. His lordship is the official representative of a class, and we have reason to believe is daily besieged by members of that class with the most plausible reasons for confirming the triumph of Sir William Mansfield, and acquiescing in the destruction of his victim. The colonels sit in strong phalanx on the Conservative benches, and the colonels are to be served by the Commander-in-Chief and against the aide-de-camp. If the matter were left to the unbiased decision of Lord Cranborne, we have sufficient confidence in his lordship's calm judgment and sense of justice to induce us to wait patiently for his lordship's decision; but there is a back stairs at the India Office, as well as elsewhere, and that back stairs is being ascended by many busy feet at the present moment. But Lord Cranborne will not forget that this is a case which, if not now fairly decided, must inevitably come before Parliament. A man of the energy which Captain Jervis has already exhibited is not likely to acquiesce quietly in his own social and professional destruction; he has a splendid Parliamentary grievance, and he will find hosts of willing and unscrupulous adversaries among "Her Majesty's Opposition." We should be sorry indeed to see a Government which promises so well both to its own tenure of office and for the good of the country as that of Lord Derby, tripped up in its first session, by a case which will furnish the whole force of Whig and Radical guerrillas with weapons which no official restraints will now prevent them from using. To prevent so disagreeable a contingency, all that is necessary is an act of simple justice. The Court summoned by Sir William Mansfield himself has pronounced Captain Jervis guiltyless of all moral offence, and the atrocity of the accusation which that officer received must be held as completely palliating his subsequent indiscretions. The decision of the Commander-in-Chief in India has already been reversed by the whole Indian Press, and now the last and most powerful of the English journals has, although evidently with much reluctance, been compelled by its own sense of justice to join in the universal chorus of condemnation. It would be an insult to the understanding of Lord Cranborne to suppose that he would hesitate for a moment as to the course which he ought to pursue. He would be false to his party, were he to put weapons into the hands of its enemies, false to his official responsibilities to allow himself to be influenced by personal importunities, and false to those principles of justice which are of the very essence of the British Constitution, if he allowed a wrong, even to the very humblest of Her Majesty's subjects, to remain one moment longer than that of its recognition without a full and sufficient remedy.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

(From the *Times*, November 2.)
It has been publicly asserted that in London alone there are some 150,000 children without any education whatever. The reply is that no vast an aggregate must be included all those who attend private schools, unconnected with the Government or any religious body, but we have seen no calculation of the deduction to be made on this account. Suppose we strike off 50,000 from the estimate, it is still a portentous fact that in the year 1866 100,000 children at least in the capital of Great Britain should be destitute of all that can make them virtuous or even honest citizens. We hear much of "neglected districts," and connect that term with obscure country parishes, scattered populations, and the absence of resident gentry; yet, if these assertions be true, the most neglected districts of all must be in the very heart of London, where good schools, indeed, are generally within reach, but where the courts and alleys swarm during school hours with boys and girls abandoned to ignorance and vice. No power Parliament is ever likely to give can adequately grapple with this state of things; but in the meantime all honour is due to those who are ever carrying on what must sometimes appear a hopeless warfare against the spread of barbarism. Among the latest of such efforts is that which Sir Roundell Palmer was induced to aid by his presence and advocacy on Wednesday last. A new school, capable of accommodating 600 scholars of all ages, is about to be erected in a densely-crowded part of St. Thomas's, Islington. Though intended in the first instance to provide the means of elementary instruction for the humbler classes, it will also be open to the children of skilled artisans and others who belong to what is beginning to be called "the lower-middle class." This appears to be a sound principle, and we cannot but regret that our modern system of education in England has a tendency to encourage a needless subdivision and separation of classes, sending back its sentence for revision, and when revision is firmly refused, finally snubs the Court by contemptuously refusing to act on its recommendation. This is the last aspect of the case, and upon it the *Times* of yesterday finally pronounces its judgment and throws the Commander-in-Chief overboard. What the authorities mean to do remains yet to be seen, but we feel that we make no mistake in repeating our prediction that Captain Jervis will be reinstated in the army. Whether in addition the strong measure of recalling the Commander-in-Chief will be taken as a matter of only secondary importance, as no man in Sir William's position could consent to retain for a moment an office for which his superiors had pronounced him unfit, by reversing one of his most public and important decisions.

The one doing justice now lies between his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief and Lord Cranborne, the Minister for India. We have no fear for the decision of his Royal Highness, who will judge clearly and decide justly in a matter so vital to the discipline of the Army. His Royal Highness will not be frightened by the consequences threatened by the correspondent of the *Times*, but will see that mutiny and insubordination are best prevented by protecting the weak against the strong, rather than by permitting the latter to crush, right or wrong, whoever may have been so unfortunate as to incur their displeasure. The strength of a Government is based beyond all things on the reliance of the governed on its justice, and that reliance once destroyed, governing becomes merely an affair of physical strength and pressure, to be thrown off at the

now, or perhaps will ever be. Possibly the improvement of our public schools has had something to do with it, but after all, boys take their tone from the great world, and copy the fables of their elders. The fact is that, as Mr. Lecky has shown, it is very difficult to assign any step in the progress of civilization to a special cause. Superstitious and mischievous usages pass away, as if spontaneously; they do not visibly yield to refutation and exposure, but they are insensibly displaced by sentiments which cannot coexist with them. As we found at last to have lost all hold on the popular mind. Moreover, there are certain facts which, if regarded by themselves, might shake our confidence in the power of education to counteract vicious propensities on a grand scale. Measured by an educational standard, Scotland is far in advance of the rest of Great Britain, yet the consumption of spirits in Scotland is notoriously much greater in proportion, and the number of drunkards reeling about in broad daylight is noticed by every traveller. Still, education, in spite of its failures, may truly be called "the great remedy for the evils which surround us," for education, worthily conceived, embraces religion itself among its agencies. As Sir R. Palmer reminded his audience, the line between "religious" and "secular" is purely conventional. "All knowledge" is purely secular in whatever is honest and of good report is essentially religious. Dogmatic theology conceals itself with creeds; but religion has to do with common life, and its sphere, though not identical, is co-extensive with that of education. The clergyman and the schoolmaster are inevitably working together, whether they are working in concert or not, and for their joint labours, the evils incident to the enormous growth of our population, already formidable enough, would be absolutely intolerable.

We are much too apt to forget what has actually been done in some foreign countries towards the solution of the great educational problem. It is scarcely fair to compare England with the United States, because there, owing to the cheapness of land and the high rate of wages, the element which constituted our chief difficulty is almost eliminated. But Germany, like England, is an old country, and though not so thickly peopled, has probably quite as large a proportion of those classes which our educational machinery fails to reach. Now, in the Protestant States of Germany, and especially in Prussia, the percentage of those who cannot read and write is wonderfully small. Mr. Kay, whose letter appeared in our columns yesterday, mentions a fact which is conclusive on this point. All the youth of Prussia is in theory liable to be draughted into the ranks of the army at the age of 20. "Twenty-three years ago the Government had all the new levies examined. It was then ascertained that at that time only two out of every 100 of the youth of the whole kingdom could not read and write. Within the last five years they have again examined all the new levies. At this last examination it was ascertained that only one young man out of every 250 in the whole kingdom could not read and write." Mr. Grant Duff, in a published essay on Prussia, states a statement which confirms Mr. Kay's statistics, to the effect that "of the recruits from the Saxon province only 'four in 1000 are unable to read, write, and cipher,' and Mr. Kay adds, that in 1861 more than one person in every six throughout the whole kingdom of Prussia was receiving instruction. Of course, success of this kind can only be obtained by a system of compulsory education. 'Every parent is obliged by law to provide for the education of his children from their fifth to their fifteenth year, either at home or in a school of the parent's selection, or a public school. No children are left neglected in the streets of a town,' for, if the parent cannot afford to pay for schooling, the parish or municipality is compelled to do so for him. It is impossible not to connect the intelligence and good conduct of the Prussian troops in the late campaign with these educational advantages, or to understand their superiority to the subjects of an Empire which still maintains the Concordat. Public opinion in this country will, we believe, refuse to adopt such a system, but it is well that we should sometimes review our results by the light of foreign experience."

BARMAIDS.

(From the London Review.)

THE service of the bar has latterly the appearance of a philanthropic recreation. The young ladies engaged in it smile a perpetually smiling, and accept twopenny with a scarcely conscious recognition of the till. Those at railway stations are of an order even above smiling. Serene in the consciousness of frizzled hair, and feeling that you are more or less at their mercy in reference to the train, they help you to a deliberation which you could better appreciate at any other moment. The railway barmaid is fearfully and wonderfully curled. How does she do it? How does she go to bed with it? Does she charge the directors for the labour spent over it, or is their barber retained on the line, and are his expenses under the several heads taken out of the travellers in the soup? A London barmaid varies with the district. The City barmaid differs from the West-centre barmaid, and the Haymarket species is peculiar to itself. The street of late suppers swarms with taverns, presiding over which is usually one abundant divinity, and several lesser graces. The sensation of hearing a wax figure speak would, we imagine, have a chilling effect on the nerves. There is something more death-like than death in wax; but for something so like death in life as possible—death of soul, that is garnished with a back ground which brings out its full blackness—see the painted mask which a Haymarket barmaid puts on for a face. It does splendidly for the calling. The barmaid is here an ornamental portion of the premises, quite as much as the maple and the gilding. The full-blown Hebe is not unfrequently mistress of the establishment, and around her the regular customers are grouped. The practice of placing young country girls in a place of the kind is not unknown, and we may easily infer the character of the training they receive. A similar sacrifice to the spirit of the age is made at music halls. Here the bars are attended by females who have either graduated in the Haymarket, or have come fresh from some rural quarter. The mystery which is said to envelop the internment of tinkers and asses appears to enshroud the full career of a barmaid. At times she is lucky enough to entangle the landlord, and is then elevated to the dignity of wife, if that post is vacant; occasionally a waiter falls a victim to her airs, and lays his napkin at her feet; but the grand hit within her reach is to lay a customer by the heels. In London especially, there are a number of noodles without sufficient taste or sense for proper female society, and yet with an undefined notion of dangle which brings them to stare at women who can be stared at with impunity, and to whom they can chatter without being laughed



To Parties Furnishing and others.

THURSDAY, 3rd January, at 11 o'clock.

H. D. COCKBURN has been instructed to sell by auction, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock, on the premises, 13, King-street, the whole of the household furniture of a board and lodging house.

Terms, cash.

In the Insolvent Estate of R. A. Newman.

At the risk of Davidson and others.

H. D. COCKBURN will sell by auction, at his Mart, Park-street, THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock, the following:

Term, cash.

At the risk of former purchasers.

Unredeemed Pledges.

H. D. COCKBURN has been instructed by Mr. Lewis Benjamin, for Mr. H. D. COCKBURN, 26, South Head Road, to sell by auction, at his Mart, Park-street, on MONDAY, 7th January, the 4th instant, at 11 o'clock, the following:

Term, cash.

At the risk of former purchasers.

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H. D. COCKBURN has been instructed by Mr. Lewis Benjamin, for Mr. H. D. COCKBURN, 26, South Head Road, to sell by auction, at his Mart, Park-street, on MONDAY, 7th January, the 4th instant, at 11 o'clock, the following:

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Term, cash.

Preliminary Notice.

Extensive Sale by Auction.

On TUESDAY next, January 8,

of Sugars, Teas, Groceries, and Provisions,

at 11 o'clock.

BRADLEY, NEWTON, and LAMB will

sell by auction, at their Warehouse, Pitt and

O'Connell streets, on TUESDAY, 8th January, at

11 o'clock.

Large parcels of the above goods.

Full particulars will be duly advertised.

Terms at sale.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

POSTPONEMENT OF SALE.

The Cargo of Oregon Lumber ex John Jay.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg to notify to

timber merchants and others interested, that

as the holidays have retarded the discharge of the cargo, it

has been impossible to procure proper samples. The sale is

therefore postponed till FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

BRADLEY, NEWTON, and LAMB, Auctioneers.

OREGON LUMBER, Rough and Dressed.

The Entire Cargo of the John Jay,

just arrived, with an excellent assortment of

DEALS, DECK PLANKS,

SPARS,

SCANTLING, TIMBER, SCANTLING,

FLOORING BOARDS,

PICKETS.

For positively Unreserved Auction Sale, on the

Market Wharf, FRIDAY, 4th January.

Important to Builders, Timber Merchants, Contractors,

Country Buyers, and others.

BRADLEY, NEWTON, and LAMB have

been favoured with instructions from the

importers, Messrs. Bell and Scott, to sell by auction, on

the Market Wharf, on FRIDAY, 4th January, at

half past 2 o'clock.

The entire cargo of the John Jay, as follows:—

DEALS and PLANKS.

Salvage Logs.

24,296 feet 2 inch plank

19,708 feet 6 inch plank

40,303 feet 9 inch plank

30,354 feet 11 inch plank

9,924 feet 12 inch plank

10,236 feet 12 inch plank

10,074 feet 12 inch plank

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THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1867

Extensive Sale by Auction.

